

THE
Johnson Journal



June, 1933



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EDITOR'S PAGE



TO THE SENIORS

There is a class within this abode of knowledge known as the senior class. And it so happens that this class deems itself mighty and looks upon the freshmen with scorn. They are the oldest class in the school (and supposedly, the wisest). However, they have developed remarkable vocal cords. They talk incessantly all day. They drive people frantic. People stand and wonder when one of these specimens passes by. Their booming voice of 30,000 vibrations per second is easily heard from Room 10 to the boiler room. If this class congregates in a room, and the teacher has the misfortune of coming late, it requires four other teachers to subdue them. Threats and scoldings are of no avail. When one hears a dog fight during an assembly program, he should turn to the portion of the hall where the seniors are sitting. Most likely they will be found discussing beer and technocracy. This class is losing its dignity. Even the freshmen register surprise at some of their tactics. Teachers tell the lower classmen that they hope they will not follow "the example of the seniors". When freshmen should follow the seniors' example and should look up to this astute, respectable, honorable, (?) (?) (?) class, they fail to do so and are perhaps better off. Senior, in the words of Napoleon Bonaparte, "Get wise to yourself."

Anne Nonimus

SHALL JOHNSON ATHLETICS LIVE?

For many decades athletics at this school have been supported through the willingness of the pupils to cooperate with the Athletic Association. When the enrollment was approximately seventy-five, Johnson High possessed athletic teams of which she was proud. You will marvel at the thought that a school of such size could finance four sports a year. Yet, the most necessary and fundamental spark was present—SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Today Johnson High, in accordance with the times, has more than trippled its size. Although its enrollment is very large, athletics are in no better state than in years gone by. We still are dependent on the Athletic Association to lend support to our teams. From this we may deduct that some factor is lacking. Perhaps it is what we have heard so many times—SCHOOL SPIRIT.

The Athletic Association is at present in such a condition that the help of every boy and girl is drastically necessary. The seniors, pupils to whom the Athletic Association is about to be directly beneficial, ought to be moved by school spirit or, if not, by shame brought about by a sense of righteousness, and contribute to its maintenance. If there fails to be an Athletic Association those who will sustain the largest loss are undoubtedly the underclassmen. Hence the juniors with a thought for the future ought to give their whole-hearted endeavor to

be of assistance. The sophomores, of whom the student body is asking their co-operation, will, we believe, demonstrate their generosity. The freshmen who as yet are unacquainted with some of our organizations, will make it clear that they wish to be considered an important factor in the Athletic Association.

The sincerity of this appeal, together with its importance, cannot be

overemphasized. We are confident that the students will not disregard this call but as in the past will respond to the best of their abilities. Some day when athletics have been placed on a paying basis no such demands will be required. Until then all we ask is an application of the moral, "GIVE".

J. J. Phelan, Jr., '33



LITERARY



THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

It is a cloudless summer day; a clear, blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice, rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window frames, and a massive hall door.

Such is the state house of Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red brick state house, stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed on the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face, stands a flaxen-haired boy with laughing eyes of summer blue. The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written on the bell, then gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks: "Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs, and wait in the hall below

till a man gives a message for me: when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?" The boy sprang from the old man's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

Many minutes passed. The old bell-keeper was alone. "Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me." As the word was upon his lips a merry, ringing laugh broke on his ear. And there, among the crowd on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face, and swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe, and shouted the single word, "Ring!"

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out; the crowds in the street hear it, and burst forth in

one long shout. Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up, from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken.

Under that very bell pealing out at noonday, in an old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers, and mechanics had assembled to break the shackles of the world. The committee, who have been out all night, are about to appear. At last the door opens, and they advance to the front. The parchment is laid on the table. Shall it be signed or not? Then ensues a high and stormy debate. Then the faint-hearted cringe in corners. Then Thomas Jefferson speaks his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul.

Still there is a doubt; and that pale-faced man, rising in one corner, squeaks out something about "axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet". A tall, slender man rises, and his dark eyes burn, while his words ring through the halls: "Gibbets! They may stretch our necks on every scaffold in the land. They may turn every rock into a gibbet, every tree into a gallows; and yet the words written on that parchment can never die. They may pour out our blood on a thousand altars, and yet, from every drop that dyes the axe or drips on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to freedom will spring into existence. What! Are these shrinking hearts and faltering voices here, when the very dead upon our battlefields arise and call upon us to sign that parchment, or be accursed forever?"

"Sign! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! if the next moment this hall ring with the echo of the falling axe. Sign! by all your hopes in

life or death as husbands, as fathers, as men! Sign your names to that parchment!"

"Yes, were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last gasp of that voice, implore to remember this truth; God has given America to the free. Yes! as I sink down into the gloomy shadow of the grave, with my last breath I would beg of you to sign that parchment."

John Michalovich '33

"RATHER NICE"

"Pa, don't you think it would be a good idea for me to go to New York and visit Mabel? You know, she's my sister and I've only seen her once since she was married."

"Wall, now, Mary, that might not be sech a bad idee, only it's purty nice around the farm, especially since we got that new hired man. Eh, ma?"

Mrs. Jones, a little, quiet woman, gently pushed back a lock of grey hair before calmly replying, "Well, pa, of course I think Bill Haines is a mighty presentable young man."

Here, Mary, a buxom lass of seventeen, who dreamed of herself as quite a lady of the world, broke in, —"Oh, I don't ever want to marry a farmer. I want to go to the city and be somebody."

The upshot of this conversation was that the next morning, Hiram Jones backed the wheezing old Ford out of the garage. He dusted off the cobwebs and wiped off the seats. The meaning of this spring cleaning was that his daughter Mary was setting out for New York and Hiram was to drive her to the station. On the way to the station, Mary chattered gaily of the splendors of the city she had

never seen, while Hiram seemed to take his driving very seriously, staring at the bumpy road and holding on to the wheel with grim determination. The train was early, so good-byes were cut short. The engine puffed away leaving Hiram, a pathetic old man, looking after it through a mist in his eyes. Turning away he shuffled toward his steaming steed, the Ford. Fumbling for his spectacles, he half-murmured to himself that he would sort of miss Mary. She provided the only gay part to his farm; for Hiram was not an up-and-coming tiller of the soil. He believed in the idea that as long as his father didn't have any of these new-fangled notions, he wouldn't have any either. It had taken a lot of persuasion on the part of mother and daughter to induce him to purchase that Ford. He bought it, but predicting dark ends all the while.

Meanwhile Mary had arrived at the crowded apartment house in which her sister lived. She was tired and dusty and the noises were beginning to make her head ache. However, next morning her dreams soared again. This was New York, the city of all her dreams! She was going to meet wonderful people, perhaps some of the four hundred! But in the next few days all her dreams were shattered and her castles in the air were rudely pulled down. People who lived on Delancey Street, as Mary's sister did, had absolutely no chance to meet those who lived on Park Avenue; in fact, they hardly had a chance to see them.

Alas, poor Mary! Delancey Street, with its noises of children's cries, mothers' shouts, honking of horns, and screeching of brakes, with its smells, with its soot and

smoke, was fast curing her love for the city. Her glimpses of society were too few and far between, so, no wonder, she sent a letter marked "Rural Free Delivery" to her father and then the next day took the train that made a two minute stop at the little town of Raceville where someone would meet her.

Stepping off the train she saw the flivver waiting with smiling Bill Haines beside it.

That evening Hiram took off his "specs", carefully wiped them, cleared his throat and said, "Wall, daughter, it sure seems good to have you back. Even the cows didn't give as much milk as usual. But my hired man Bill, he certainly is a corker. He's a putty nice boy, ain't he?"

"Oh, yes," stammered Mary, blushing, "he's—rather nice."

Helen Davis '34

THE GLORIOUS ENDING

For almost a half century he had played the masterpieces of famous composers for prima donnas on the melodious, old organ in the Zarech Theatre, Berlin. But while doing this, he discovered that many of the favorites of Madam Success who attracted the multitudes to this opera house, where he was the gifted organist, failed to win the applause of the critics in Paris, London, and New York. This was difficult for the unexperienced to understand, but Henri von Hurnorff knew of the tricks of Fate because he had once heard his own beautiful song played under the name of a composer whom he had once trusted as a friend.

And now, having been discharged because of old age, he suffered from cold, lack of food, and fatigue. But during the past years, he had begun

to see visions of his golden castle of music which inspired him to imprint upon his mind the notes which some day he could claim as his own masterpiece. But he was growing tired lately, and he had not yet heard the end. Perhaps too tired, But no, Henri von Hurnorff would find a glorious end.

The small figure stumbled along the side streets, heading for an unknown destination, when he thought he heard his music coming from an open window above him. Could it be so that someone had the same vision he had had? Could he have told someone of his inspiration? But no, that was impossible, for he did not trust anyone or confide in anyone. But there it was again and looking skyward, he saw and heard the golden castle of music, playing the song to the last note. And he had heard the end, the glorious end, while the vision faded away.

"Oh, it is mine. It is mine," he cried as he ran down the street, repeating the words again and again. Finally he stopped and leaned against a brick wall. "My very own," he murmured to himself, to the passing crowds, and to another.

"Henri! Henri, my friend. Henri von Hurnorff," cried a stout man, springing from a chair, which stood beside a door. "Henri, don't you remember me? Oh, how I have missed you these long years! Where have you been? What have you been doing? Are you—? Don't you remember me, Peter Swiet-horn?"

"Yes, Peter, I do. It has been a long time since we have met. Yes, a very long time. But where are we?"

"Why, we are at the stage door."

"The stage door? Peter, you have been my friend for many long years, please be my friend now. Let

me go into the theatre. It will cost you your position if I am found, but I won't be. Let me go in, Peter?" The voice, the faint smile, the far off look in the gentle eyes, caused the understanding doorman to grant him his wish.

"The door is always open to you, Henri."

"Thank you. Goodbye, Peter."

"Henri!" But he was gone. Along the dark corridor and through the wings. Here he stopped, but the strains of the enchanted melody urged him forward. Onto the brightly lighted stage, before the expectant audience, and toward the old, mellow toned organ. Stopping next to this beloved instrument, he made a sweeping bow and hastily seated himself.

Von Hurnorff's nimble fingers flew along the keys as he played the first chords, demanding silence. His frail body rocked in full swing to the rhythm of the beginning notes as they rippled forth like a bubbling brook that soothed the forgotten fragile flower in the woods. Trilling away in a quavering manner only to be brought back as a magical melody floating upward. Like a bird on a spring morning who carols its song to all those that care to listen, so the notes tripped over one another and ended in the soft, trembling strains of love, causing the social critics of Berlin to sit spell-bound in its melodious charm.

Henri von Hurnorff bowed again as the crowd broke the enchanted spell with their shouts of "Encore." But he did not hear, for with outstretched arms, he cried, "It is mine, mine. My masterpiece with the glorious ending." And the world lost one of its best composers, as heaven opened its golden gates to welcome the weary pilgrim.

Patience Kruschwitz '34

CHATTER

SENIOR HONORS GRADUATION PARTS

Valedictorian	Jean Barker
Salutatorian	Beatrice Goff
Essayist	Peter Sluskonis
Class Orator	John Phelan, Jr.
Class Historian	John Michalovich
Maker of Class Will	George Robertson
Class Prophet	Morris Cohen
Class Marshal	Charles Donlan (<i>President</i>)

AUSTRALIA

At a recent assembly program the student body had the pleasure of listening to an illustrated lecture on Australia given by Captain Osborne.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

The last assembly before vacation consisted entirely of musical selections. Members of the student body participating were:

Daniel Hurd	Piano Solo
Benny Policknowski	Violin Solo
Raymond Towne, accompanist	
Elise Clee	Vocal Solo
Mabel Black, accompanist	
Eleanor Robertson	Piano Solo
George Casserly	Violin Solo
Raymond Towne, accompanist	
Robert Gagne and Frank Nicholson	Saxophone Duet

SHORT STORIES

Claire Lebell, John Kennedy, and Henry Kennedy deserve special mention for excellent short stories

submitted to the *Journal*. The staff intends to print them at a future date.

JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE DANCE

The Junior-Sophomore dance was held March 24, 1933. The dance on the whole was very successful except for the misconduct of several pupils. The music was furnished by an orchestra. Everyone who attended the dance enjoyed the evening very much.

CLUBS

The club life at Johnson High School is pursuing its customary course.

On April 21, the Chemistry Club members visited the Gas House and furthered their knowledge of that process known as Destructive Distillation of Coal.

The Dramatic Club program will be a marionette show.

JOINT PHOTOGRAPHY DRAMATIC CLUB ASSEMBLY

The last assembly of the year included a marionette show, "The Maker of Dreams", and three talkie comedies.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

On April 6 the student body viewed an entertainment staged by the "Chemistry Club". The program consisted of a paper read by Helen Clarenbach on "The Evolution of Chemistry", a humorous play entitled, "Chemistry Saves the Day", the cast of which was as follows:
Johnny Spriggins John Pillion

Mary Spriggins	Arlene McEvoy
Harry Spriggins	Thorwald Allen
Lou Spriggins	Marjorie Andrews
Doctor	Phillip Evangelos
Ma Spriggins	Virginia Bixby

The latter part of the program was entitled, "Twenty minutes in a Chemistry Laboratory". This consisted of a series of many strange and miraculous experiments. The climax was produced when Clifford Johnson, a wonder artist, sketched Mr. Hayes and Mr. Mitchell.

In commemoration of Lincoln's birthday, an enjoyable program was presented during assembly period. Appropriate essays, read by LeRoy Duncan and William Graham, introduced the program. A short sketch "The Trial of William Armstrong", written by John Michalovich and Peter Sluskonis, followed. The cast was as follows:

Abraham Lincoln, <i>a lawyer</i>	John Michalovich
Mrs. Armstrong	Jean Barker
William Armstrong, <i>her son</i>	Albert Kennedy
Doctor	George Robertson
Killain, <i>a neighbor</i>	Henry Kennedy
Allen, <i>another neighbor</i>	John Kennedy
Prosecutor	Charles Marchese
Judge	Alfred Houston
Clerk	Raymond Lavin
Foreman of Jury	Charles Donlan
Lincoln's friend	Peter Sluskonis

STUDENT COUNCIL

Recently the Student Council adopted a constitution under which it will function from now on. It has also drawn up a point system, under which every officer of the school receives a certain number of points for holding that position. No

person may obtain over ten points in the course of a school year. This system is to go into effect next September so as to prevent any student from holding more offices than he is capable of holding efficiently.

As the athletic dues have not been paid very well this year, the Council is undertaking to improve this condition. The collection in every room is to be under the supervision of a Council member. Every month a short period of time is to be allotted for collecting the dues. It is hoped that from now on the athletic dues will be paid promptly.

On March 3, the Johnson Journal held its first semi-public dance of the year. The music was furnished by Fred Barone's Royal Canadians. The dance was held to help defray the expenses of the year book, which will be published this year. A large representation was present from neighboring high schools. The affair was well managed and the committee in charge must be congratulated for the enjoyable evening which it furnished by running this dance.

Following a custom of sending a speaker to address the students of Johnson every year, Burdett Business School of Boston sent Mr. Razely, vice-president of the executive department, to address the students during an assembly period. He gave a very enjoyable talk on planning a career. The talk, although it had a sprinkling of humor in it, had a great effect on the student body in general. The opinion that he would be welcomed back for another talk was unanimously expressed by the students.

PUT US ON THE MAP

Fellow pupils, lend me your ears.
 (Mine are burnin' from other
 school's sneers.)
 What are you made of, sticks and
 stones?
 Or are you made of flesh and
 bones?
 Where's your spirit? Where's your
 sense?
 Where's your brains; or are you
 dense?

Have you no pride in this old
 school?

If you have, get off your stool.
 Go out for baseball, basketball,
 track.

Go out for football; or is it
 "guts" you lack?

Make your school renowned all over
 every chap.

Go out and put old North An-
 dover on the Map.

Daniel Hurd, '34



ATHLETICS



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Johnson High School closed a most successful basketball season under the capable direction of Mr. Mitchell. Johnson finished second in the Lowell Suburban League, and first in the Lawrence Suburban League. Littleton High School of Littleton, Mass., finished first, Johnson second, and Acton High of Acton, Mass., was third. Johnson, Methuen, Woodbury, were the respective positions in the Lawrence league.

Immediately after the close of the season a series of class basketball games was sponsored by Mr. Mitchell. The seniors and the faculty were the outstanding teams during the games.

The lettermen for this year included: Frank McEvoy, Leonard Slicer, Captain, Fred McRobbie, Charles Donlan, Lewis Sanderson, Kenneth Leighton, Paul Lanni, Walter Roberts, Eugene Walsh, and Thomas Wood. They met and elected their captain for next year, Lewis Sanderson.

On March 31 Coach Mitchell called practice for the battery candidates which was the first practice of the year. Among the candidates reporting was Charles Donlan, sensational three-letterman of the Senior Class. He is expected to be starring for Johnson this year. This year's captain is John Phelan, a well-known athlete at Johnson. We all sincerely wish Coach Mitchell success with his team this year.

Lewis Sanderson '34

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Johnson High School girls' basketball team completed a very successful season having, out of a total of 16 games, won eleven and lost five. The number of points gained by opponents was 287 while 407 were gained by Johnson.

The summary of the last games is as follows:

At Littleton the girls were defeated for the fourth time with a score of 21-18. A few nights later a similar defeat was met with at Chelmsford, 14-18. In this game

the guards excelled for Johnson.

However, in the game with Methuen, Johnson was again the victor by the close score of 27-25. Bixby was outstanding for Johnson while Barron and Dufton played well.

Acton played at Johnson in the last league game of the season and was defeated 20-18. The centers were outstanding.

Pepperell lost overwhelmingly on our floor 37-11 in the last game of the season. The whole Johnson team played very well.

After these games a group of class games were played. In these the Faculty defeated the Freshmen in an exciting game while the Juniors defeated the Seniors.



ALUMNI NOTES



Mary A. Costello, a graduate of Johnson with the class of 1929, and who since has attended Roger Hall, Lowell, and Miss Farmer's School of Cooking in Boston, is now a dietitian. She has opened up a tea room in Lawrence, called the "Green Lantern".

Norman B. Richardson, who graduated from Johnson in 1924, has

been appointed house officer at the Norfolk Prison colony. He is a graduate of the University of Illinois.

Ruth Whitney, class of 1929, has taken up hairdressing in Conrad's hairdressing parlor, Boston.

Red Delaney of the class of '28 is continuing his studies at Harvard, and is now in his third year.



EXCHANGES



The "Green and White", Essex Agricultural School, Hawthorne, Mass.

Your paper shows fine school spirit. Your "Who's Who" columns proved to be very interesting, and without doubt would have been more so if we had been acquainted with the pupils.

One little student,
Walking on the grass,—
Along comes another,
Thinks he'll pass—

Two little students
Walking on the lawn—
Then comes a crowd
And they march on—

A crowd of students,
Wearing a path—
Then comes Spring
And we have no grass!!!

"Lasell Leaves", Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Mass.

Your cover is exceptionally attractive. Your numerous illustrations add much to the value of your paper.

The "Gazette", Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

Your cartoons add much to the appearance of your paper. Your description of a high school boy is true to life.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY

Big baggy pants,
An unused book,
A flaming tie,
A vacant look;

Unhatted head,
The latest fad,
And always broke,
The high school lad.

"Punch Harder", Punchard High
School, Andover, Mass.

Your news column shows much
originality and form. Your selec-

tion of an "All-American" team was
very amusing.

"Lawrence Bulletin", Lawrence High
School, Lawrence, Mass.

Your paper is O. K., but the
absence of an exchange column is
very noticeable.

"The Mercury", High School of
Commerce, Worcester, Mass.

We were very much pleased to
receive your school paper which we
haven't had before. It is excellent
in every respect.



"Say, Mister! Your roof is leak-
ing. Why don't you mend it?"

"Can't now, it's raining."

"Why didn't you fix it when it
wasn't raining?"

"Didn't leak then."

The Character Builder

"And remember," said Mr. Mitch-
ell to the Ball Club," that this game
develops individuality, initiative,
and leadership. Now get out there,
and if any man doesn't do as he is
told he can turn in his suit."

The Emotional Appeal

Absent-minded Sales Promotion
Man proposes to his girl:

"And remember," he said, "this is
the last day for this astounding
offer."

A scientific expert says that fish
kill mosquitoes. But who wants to
keep a fish on his pillow?

If some people lived up to their
ideals they would be stooping.

"You must be pretty strong to-
day," said six-year old Willie, to a
pretty young widow who had come
to call on his mother.

"Strong? What makes you think
so?"

"Daddy said you can wrap any
man in town around your little
finger."

And He Did!

"Don't you think," airily sug-
gested the new partner, "that you
ought to brush up a bit on your
correspondence? Use big words;
they lend dignity to your letters."

"Perhaps you're right," admitted
the other, calmly studying the end
of his cigar, "but, while eschewing
mediocrity of expression through
platitudinous phraseology, it be-
hooves one to beware of ponderosity,
and to be mindful that pedantry, be-
ing indicative of an inherent mega-
lomania, frustrates its own aim and
results merely in obnubilation."

True To Form

The absent-minded professor returned home one evening and, after ringing his front door bell for some time to no effect, heard the maid's voice from the second-story window.

"The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the professor. "I'll call again." And he hobbled down the stone steps.

Should Shoot With Care

In the American advance during the final days of the war, a sergeant ordered an unbleached private to go into the dugout and clean out any Germans that happened to be there.

The colored gentleman blanched a bit, swallowed his Adam's apple, and then said, huskily, "Ef you sees three or fo' men cum a runnin' out ob dat hole, don't shoot de fust one."

"You are burning the candle at both ends," said a parent, admonishing his spendthrift son.

"But, dad," the youth returned, "you always told me I should try to make both ends meet."

Want Ads Appearing In Newspapers

Wanted: A room by a young gentleman with double doors.

Wanted: Ladies to sew buttons on the second-story Smith-Brown Building.

Wanted: A dog by a little boy with pointed ears.

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Wanted: A piano by a young lady with mahogany legs.

A shortsighted lady came into the grocery store:

"Is that the head cheese over there?"

"No, ma'am, that's one of his assistants."

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